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# Water



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## Chapter 1 by Joshua T

I woke up, my mouth parched. By now, of course, I was used to the feeling.

I got out of my filthy cotton blanket. I was lucky to still have something made out of authentic cotton; after all of the plants dried hundreds of years ago, cotton became something of a rarity. This blanket was priceless, and an heirloom from my great-grandmother. I put on my synthetic clothing, then walked out into the street.

Even though I had lived my entire two decades of life in this desolate realm, it didn't stop me from wondering what life would be like if we had that one, mythical liquid.

Water.

## Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



The earth was once 70% water. What the hell happened? Nobody really knows. There was a mandatory memory wipe for all citizens, to control chaos from the lack of water. But us citizens found old textbooks from those times, when there was water and nobody had to worry about their injections at 4 in the morning.

The injections were the only way to survive in this desert that was Earth. They gave our body just enough water to keep us alive, but at the cost of living with several drugs, for the pain and the mental effects.

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The organization that controlled the Injections was the only form of government that the world had. Its hard to lead other people when you have to fight dehydration and other people 24-7.

## Chapter 3 by JM



Or, that's what people believed anyway. Deep underground, there was bunker within which lived a few dozen people--scientists, mainly, but also some officials from former governments who believed themselves worthy of salvation and wormed their way into the program--and their families.

It was they who invented the Injections. It was they who sabotaged any governments rising on the surface. And it was they who controlled all the remaining water on Earth.

How do I know this?

It's simple, really.

My mother was one of them.

## Chapter 4 by Erin Schmitt



While my mother Crilla lived in secrecy beneath layers of granite and native rock, I joined the masses above melting beneath the unrelenting rays of sun.

My interaction with my mother consisted of two cryptic notes.

I received my first form of communication from her when I was yet 7. I awoke to find a scrawled note creviced under my left underarm. How she managed to slip the note between my forearm and body without me waking, I don't know. I like many children are heavy sleepers. Sleep was the only escape from the oppressive daily heat.

But I wasn't until I was 13 that I began to understand what that small message given to me in a night of secrecy contained. And given that I had shown no one, I felt both exhilarated and

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I went to my physical activity: Sand Boarding. They use to do it with water. It was either that or Turfing. It used to be called surfing and they would do it with water, but now they do it on football fields.

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